

THE CANADIAN FORUM



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IN connection with the recent provincial elections in Alberta surprise was expressed in *The Toronto Globe* at the defeat of a government which was entirely free from any suspicion of "graft". This was regarded as something phenomenal and the victorious opposition was tacitly censured for taking the field without adequate moral reasons, acting—it was inferred—from the baser motive of class-consciousness. It is true that we have ample grounds for associating moral obliquity with political changes. Have not the sister-words "polite" and "politician" travelled so far asunder in our Canadian speech that they have less in common than chalk and cheese? But that is surely no reason for regarding this unpleasant association as an indispensable factor in a healthy election, or for persuading ourselves that where charges of immorality are laid the issue is necessarily a moral one. A political election is not primarily an affair of morality, but of minds and wills. And even class-consciousness stands higher in the political scale than peculation. We strongly prefer a clean contest of wills, even if they be class-conscious, to a contaminated struggle in which there is much noise of morality but not fundamentally a moral issue. We must wash our bodies and our linen and see that we are clean for the day's business, but we must not drift into thinking that washing is the sole end of man as a political animal.

AS a matter of fact the victory of the farmers in Alberta is largely a personal tribute to Mr. Wood, the leader of the movement in that province. As for the late Premier, Mr. Stewart, his personal virtues were outweighed by the fact that his government was not free from men of the politician type, and at any rate these virtues counted for little in comparison with the respect and affection which Mr. Wood in long years of leadership had inspired. Mr. Stewart has been quite unable to achieve the feat performed by Mr. Martin, the Premier of Saskatchewan, and secure the support of the organized farmers by including provincial leaders in his government. In Alberta the farmers took the field and won decisively. Mr. Wood, who is by no means a young man, refused the premiership, and the task of forming

the first out-and-out farmers' government has fallen to Mr. Greenfield. Physically the new first minister is perhaps the strongest man in the Province. While he worked as a farm labourer in Ontario he achieved fame as an amateur wrestler. He went to the West as did so many of Ontario's vigorous young men and took up land near Edmonton. His interest in Municipal Government and in the farmers' movement in time earned him a provincial reputation. The quality of his cabinet will reflect fairly exactly the ability which has been developed in the co-operative and political activities of the organised farmers of the province. He can count on commanding the services of its ablest members, and good lawyers will not be wanting for the portfolio of Attorney-General.

AGREAT many people are seriously concerned about the danger of being ruled by a government consisting largely of people who have the same occupation—of "class" government as it is termed. It must be remembered, however, that in a province like Alberta the great majority of citizens belong to the class which now finds itself possessed of power. Majority rule in this case coincides with class rule, and majority rule is a term to which few people take exception. At any rate where the majority and the class consists of farmers there are two reflections which should in a measure comfort these fearful souls. One is that the happiness of the Western Provinces, at least, is intimately bound up with agricultural prosperity, the other, that the farmer is likely from his own experience to know the mind both of the man who works and the man who hires others to work for him. His great defect is that frequently he is not familiar with large business transactions, but here the experience of the great grain companies of the West has given a sufficient training to a considerable number of the leading farmers. On the whole we think, both in Alberta, and perhaps later in Canada, citizens will find themselves sleeping peacefully under the rule of the farmers and their friends.

IT has been a matter of disappointment to many that the Orange Lodges of Canada saw fit to

parade this year. At a time when the way toward a grievously needed peace seemed to open for the first time in many years, any action, however unintentioned, which could further irritate the exasperated nerves of the Irish people should have been studiously avoided. The Orange Lodges are ostensibly anti-catholic and (from the Unionist point of view) highly patriotic, and while they have lost to a great extent the bitterness of faction—as witness their adoption of Highland tunes and pipers wearing the particular tartan of Prince Charlie for their processions—there is still much in their annual ceremony to irritate those of opposite views who are not acquainted with the Order in Canada. It is inconceivable that any large number of Orangemen considered for a moment that their joining in the processions of July 12th could hold any other significance than their participation in an old-established and picturesque ceremony but it was for their leaders to ponder well what the impression would be on the Irish people if the press should report to them that Canada was indulging in Orange “demonstrations” at the moment when their two inflamed parties had ceased hostilities. Partisanship there is at such a fever heat as is difficult to imagine in this country, and Irish leaders, confronting huge difficulties, as much of sentiment as of politics, need the support and sympathy of the whole English-speaking race—a support not merely expressed in words, but by the suppression of untimely action.

IT is important that employees on the government railways, as indeed all public servants, should feel that they are being fairly treated. Good will is a condition of good service. The statement recently issued by Mr. A. R. Mosher, Grand President of the Canadian Brotherhood of Railway Employees, suggested that grievances alleged against the management were founded in reality. When the present wage reduction was announced the Brotherhood asked for a Board of Arbitration under the Industrial Disputes Act, five reasons were given in support of this request. Two of these may be quoted, namely, that “the proposed reduction will entail the greatest hardship on those least able to bear it, since employees receiving from \$75 to \$125 per month are to be reduced from 25 to 30 per cent., while those earning \$175 and over are to be reduced from 5 to 7 per cent.”; and secondly, that “no proposal is made to reduce the salaries of executive officers”. Arbitration, however, was refused by the management. We are far from denying that some wage reduction should be made on the Railways. Reduced freight, express and passenger rates are badly needed. (For instance, it now costs 45 cents to ship a basket of fruit by express fifty miles to Toronto.) Overtime and demarcation anomalies which have been inherited from the famous Mr. MacAdoo cause increasing irritation

and should be reviewed. But dictation in the public service is a poor substitute for discussion. The Railways have now strengthened, not weakened their case, by making a concession. In a later announcement they promise to take into their confidence the workers on whom the reduction bears unequally. We may hope that in the long run the Canadian National System will build up an *esprit de corps* like that of the C.P.R. This needs strong leadership; but the feeling of partnership, on which it thrives, needs frankness also.

WE have received the following resolution, in support of the reduction of armaments, from the Canadian Council of Agriculture. “The Canadian Council of Agriculture welcomes the action of President Harding in calling an International Conference at Washington for the purpose of devising plans for checking the rivalry of armaments, and creating an atmosphere under which nations will entrust their safety, not to armed forces, alliances or balances of power, but to a recognition of mutual dependence, and the cultivation of mutual goodwill. We feel assured that the government of Canada will voice the sentiment of the Canadian people if it gives whole-hearted support to this movement for peace, so that, from the free soil of America, there will go a message that will be received with hope by a world shattered by the late war and without hope if wars are to continue”. Despite the sentimental tone of this resolution and a choice of words which is naive in the extreme, it expresses without doubt the opinion of the great majority of the people on this continent. Mr. Meighen did yeoman service in London last month and even if he does not sit as an official delegate at the coming conference he can do much to guide its counsels.

SO much depends on the Conference that its possibilities are seriously canvassed everywhere. Its importance in public estimation is to be measured by the visible relief with which Japan's acceptance was received. Outside North America, however, enthusiasm in its favour will be more restrained than here. Not indeed that Europe is less in need of peace than ourselves. Europe needs peace even more than we do. But it is realised in Europe, as it is not realised in the United States or Canada, that the most immediate danger to peace lies not in, but outside the Pacific. In time to come, that greatest of all oceans will doubtless be the world's highroad and mart—perhaps battleground as well. For the next few years at least, we must watch the Near East with no less anxiety. The future of England, France, and Russia, the Mohammedan races and the Greeks are hopelessly entwined. Neither Russians nor Mohammedans will have part or lot at Washington. Yet no decisions regarding future

policy will ensure the tranquillity of Asia, which do not command their trust and confidence. The movements now stirring in Islam have a deep significance for the whole world. Not until peace reigns from Delhi to Morocco will the peace of Christendom be really safe.

SECOND thoughts on the Fordney Bill are causing acute discomfort to many good Americans. One thing at least is certain. Its author will be puzzled to recognise his handiwork in many sections of the new tariff. Victim of the politician, butt of the comic papers as he may be, the consumer is at last awake. Within three days of a protest led by the governor of Massachusetts, the duties on mineral oil were taken out. Fish merchants now see themselves threatened by the fish duties, as well as their Canadian associates in business. Most important of all, the financial interests, whose support for high protection was in the past a reasonable certainty, realise that they can no longer afford the luxury of catering to special interests. Bankers are outspoken in their opinion of the Bill; and if they fail at this time to cut the claws of the protectionists, there is at least a prospect that in the fairly near future the graver errors of the present may be righted. Twice since this tariff was first mooted have business conditions altered greatly. Never has there been a time, when arbitrary trade restriction was less advisable than now.

THE fatal accident to Dr. W. E. Stone is the second fatality among members of the Alpine Club of Canada during the fifteen years of its history. Distressing as loss of life is, particularly when, as in this instance, a wife must see a husband hurled to death by a treacherous rock, it is some satisfaction to reflect that for more than ten years, during which time many hundreds of parties have set out to climb peaks, no fatal accidents have occurred. The previous fatality was the result of the impetuous act of a young lady who jumped from a ledge on the gentle slopes of Mount Avalanche disregarding the instructions of the guide. Dr. Stone was an experienced climber, having for many years visited the Canadian mountains. He and his wife had to their credit many first-rate ascents. Of recent years they have frequently climbed together, unaccompanied. They were making an assault on Mt. Eon before attending the Annual Camp of The Alpine Club. From Mrs. Stone's account it would appear that a rock loosened in his hand, or underfoot, on a steep pitch near the summit. Constant vigilance is necessary to avoid trouble with loose rock in our Canadian mountains, and for once Dr. Stone made a mistake. Great credit is due Mrs. Stone for her attempt to go to his rescue, and to that powerful and excellent Swiss guide Rudolf Aemmer for rescuing the bruised and famished sur-

vivor from the ledge where she was marooned. Our sympathy goes out to the widow who has lost an intrepid companion and to the University which has lost an able President.

AN unusual interest attaches to the collection of English pictures which are to be shown at the Canadian National Exhibition this year. It is intended to represent the work of to-day in carefully chosen examples. Mr. P. G. Konody, the art-critic of *The Observer*, has been entrusted with the work of bringing together the collection, and he has indicated in the press that he has spared himself no pains in his endeavour to secure the right canvases. His work in connection with the Canadian War Records shows that he can act in a very Catholic spirit and it is not improbable that the war pictures, executed largely under his direction, and now reposing—not in perpetuity, we hope—in Ottawa basements, will be found to have had a certain importance in the development of British painting. There can be no doubt that changes are taking place in English painting and in the English attitude to it. The clearest indication of this is to be found in the new policy at the Tate Gallery, Millbank, which has just been re-opened as The National Gallery of British Art. It now represents the English tradition from Hogarth down to the present day and includes the work of contemporaries young and old in very liberal measure. We may count upon this collection that is being sent over to reflect the ideals of the new era in England and to give us an excellent opportunity of estimating the relative worth of our own half-formed Canadian traditions.

We deeply regret to learn of the death, while flying in Spain, of Mr. Andrew Forson. Mr. Forson contributed several literary sketches and pieces of verse to *The Rebel* and was the author of "An Incident" in the April issue of THE CANADIAN FORUM. Although these were not upon Canadian subjects, many readers will be disappointed that now their promise can never be fulfilled.

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The Editors regret that at present they are unable to pay contributors.

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After the War---The Future of the Doctor

IN contrast to the reaction against individualism, which has been gathering force for many years in Europe, the educated American is now beginning to find a good deal of comfort in old-fashioned individualist principles. Their working is to be seen in many walks of life. Anti-trust legislation has generally rested on a glorification of free competition. The great campaign speeches of Mr. Woodrow Wilson (published under the name of *The New Freedom*) are instinct with the notion of giving free play to the great creative energies of America by restoring free competition. The present drive in favour of the "open shop" is often supported for purely selfish reasons; instead of the shop closed to non-unionists we are to have shops closed to members of trade unions. There are also many whose vindication of the open shop—a shop (in their minds) open alike to union and non-union workmen—rests on the purest principles of individualism. For all the difference in experience which lies between these men and the great political thinkers of the nineteenth century, their views are not so far apart.

Now one outstanding mark of a belief in free competition is its conservatism. Not political conservatism (which is sometimes merely radicalism in disguise) but the desire to preserve existing institutions. The competitive system is our legacy from the Victorian era, which swept away so many boundaries and broke so many shackles. Its permanence would help to make permanent our present order of society. In its permanence, therefore, are interested all the small property holders who, having done pretty well under the present regime, are not quite sure that they would do equally well if some other were to take its place. "Where your heart is there will your treasure be also."

But the mere fact that large numbers of people are in favour of preserving an existing system will not alone preserve it. Many people once supported chattel slavery, the right to wage private warfare, the gilds of the middle ages, the stage coach—but all of these perished long ago. Most human institutions barely ripen before the conditions that produced them are profoundly modified. Almost as soon as men's minds have got used to them they begin to be replaced. We are bound, if we have any scientific temper, to recognize that it is far less natural for human institutions to crystallize than it is for them to change. No matter how closely our chief interests may be bound up with the present it is well in any contemplation of the future to recognize the probability of change.

To do this is not to commit one's self to definite forecasts of the future. The world is already too full of prophets. Communists, socialists, guild socialists,

novelists, clergymen, biologists—the world is full of people who can foretell exactly the lines of evolution. We may conclude with a good deal of reason that all of them are likely to be wrong. For whenever great changes have come upon us in the past they have come like a thief in the night. They have often been explained, but only some time after their arrival. The more a man appreciates how complex are the forces through whose interaction change occurs, the less is he likely to have a taste for dogmatic speculation. But if he refuses to prophesy he need not refuse to think. He can at least look at some of the forces which are at work around him.

One of these is sometimes to be found in a great experience shared by a whole generation. And since the war did, in an extraordinary manner, unite more than twenty millions of men in a common experience of military service, we naturally look for their possible heritage from this experience.

Generations hence men will still be trying to sum it up in a formula—to find the measure of experience common to young and old, combatant and non-combatant, vanquished and victor—to all who were drawn into the maelstrom of the war. A wonderful difference of temperament separated the man who liked fighting—a rare bird but one not yet extinct—from the chocolate soldier, and both from the married man, whose main ambition is the same in all wars:

"E wants to finish 'is little bit,
And 'e wants to get 'ome to 'is tea."

Many will fail to see that these had anything in common. Other observers have studied at first hand the healing genius of memory; how Nature sifts our past impressions, and often consigns the most painful of them to oblivion, causing us to remember only those whose recollection is a pleasant thing. They may doubt whether the men of our generation will as a body carry with them any coherent memory which dominates their thought on social questions.

The judgment here expressed was not reached as the result of any process of logic, or on the basis of a definite collection of evidence. But it is the result of an honest effort to gain a general impression from men who served in several armies and in many regiments, who sometimes formed no very clear opinions, and often could not state them clearly.

I believe that the men who came back from the war were imbued fairly deeply with three main impressions which will influence their thinking everywhere. In the first place they had seen—often for the first time—the power of organized effort. They had seen with how small an expenditure of energy the daily life of a thousand men can be conducted, if each man plays his proper part. They had seen troops assembled in enormous numbers, from different places and by different routes, often without mishap, and sometimes without loss of time. They had seen how small a force of men, armed and disciplined, is

required to control a large mass of unarmed and unorganized civilians. They came back with a belief in organization, which is attested by the demand of the returned soldier for education (that is, for organised knowledge), by the growth in numbers of the trade union movement, and by the readiness of men to put themselves under discipline for purposes which they support.

In the second place they came back with a new dislike of interference by the state. At the best of times we have seldom treated the state as an equal. Some of us have regarded it as an elderly grandparent—some as a grandchild needing careful guidance—all of us as if it were something of a nuisance. But to the soldier it was an infernal nuisance. It decided what he was to wear, and how he was to wear it, what he was to eat and how much, when he was to get up and when to go to bed, when he might go home and how long he might stay there. No man who has not experienced the freedom of being a civilian, after being for months or years at the call of a sergeant can realise completely what that freedom meant. In proportion as men had grown tired of listening always for the word of command they came back determined to live out the balance of their lives in their own way. Organization they believed in, but it was to be their own organization and not one imposed upon them.

And in the third place was not the outstanding lesson of the war, at least for those who took part in it, a lesson in human decency? The millions of men who served, volunteer and conscript alike, enlisted, as a rule, in the spirit of self-sacrifice. Individuals were selfish, individuals stole from the common store, individuals thought of their promotion, or schemed for their personal safety. But in the mass men did nothing of the kind. In no place did a man fulfil his duty to his neighbour so well as on active service. There he shared freely with his mates, and if he had a care it was to see that he got less, not more than his due. The greater the hardship, the shorter the rations, the harder the life, the more intent he was to live according to his rule—to "play the game."

These three things, I believe, will influence ex-soldiers everywhere in dealing with the problems which wait for us now war is over "in that new world which is the old." Nor need we suppose that they will only affect soldiers for there were vast numbers of men and women who belonged to neither of the services, but who dedicated themselves to war work of one kind and another, in exactly the same spirit as those who were enlisted. All the lessons of team work for a common object, supreme but quite impersonal, were open to workers in munition factories, and if they were never scared into them by the keenest experience of all, they will not altogether be forgotten.

Those who retain as dominant impressions of the war the three which have been sketched, are likely

to bring a spirit into public affairs which is the reverse of Prussianism. We may suppose that they will organize into groups rather readily for objects common to the group, not expecting the state to nurse their enterprise, nor willingly letting the state interfere with it. And when other groups do likewise they will be rather less ready to look for selfish motives, rather more ready to suppose that their motives are decent and generous, than if they had never received these impressions or had lost them. There will be rather less rivalry, rather more of a spirit of partnership. We shall be more organised, and less centralised because of them.

Keen observers had already seen a movement in this direction before the war began. If there is anything in our analysis it simply means that this movement will be strengthened. Our social fabric is honeycombed to-day with what are called class-organisations. Every trade union is open to this description, every manufacturers' association, every professional organisation, each lodge of the united farmers. But the thing that matters most in all these bodies is not the form but the spirit. The words "Sinn Fein," we are told, may be simply translated as "ourselves alone." If each group of persons with a common interest is to live in the spirit of those words, we have indeed produced a dangerous series of class organisations. Their efforts will only weaken the structure of society, where they do not fail entirely through conflict with economic law. But an organised group is by no means inevitably swayed by selfishness. The medical profession is itself a group, organised loosely but organised for all that, with no selfish object before it, but only the performance of a public service.

The driving force behind these spontaneous groupings does not come always from the same direction. In broad contrast are the bodies organized by those who purchase goods or services, and the bodies organised by those who produce them for sale. To the former class belong all consumers' co-operative societies, and some producers' societies also; in the latter we find merchants' and manufacturers' associations, and unions of workmen. Sometimes (as in the Grain Growers of Western Canada) we come across a body which is both, which exists in order to sell the produce of its members, and at the same time to buy for them the things they need. But in spite of hard cases of this kind, the distinction is fundamental and important between group action to satisfy the wants of buyers and group action on the part of those who sell.

Nowhere is it seen more clearly than in the case of medicine itself. The whole of society depends on the work of the doctor. We are all of us consumers of his services; indeed, unlike the consumers of most other things, we cannot do without them. The public has thus an interest as real as that of the profession

in the modern practice of medicine. It has usually sense enough at least to confess its own ignorance on matters purely technical. But if it knows nothing about disease it may presume to have opinions on certain other things. The doctor himself is not concerned more directly with what we may call the economic aspect of medicine. For it is sometimes the misfortune of a community that the more it needs adequate medical attendance, the less chance there is of ever getting it, and it is often the misfortune of an individual that the more medical treatment he requires and gets, the less able he finds himself to pay for it. Chance spells of sickness have sometimes crippled families and scattered the savings of a lifetime, and in other cases (doubtless far more common) the doctor has worked in the knowledge that the greater his service to the patient, the less his prospect of ever being fully paid for it.

Now the public has learned in the last generation that the risk of sickness is insurable. If it did not know this before 1911 it has learned a great deal since then. And as we cannot follow the custom (said to be practised in China) by which a man pays his doctor so long as his health is good and he can earn a living (ceasing to pay the moment he has to call in medical attendance), a system of payment for insurance naturally suggests itself as a convenience. In England, for instance, the National Insurance Act was imposed on the medical profession from outside. As the doctors themselves described the situation, it came like a wolf on the fold. It found them for the most part unprepared, and quite without alternative proposals. They did succeed in producing certain amendments, but under the circumstances they could not but put up with the scheme.

Here is a classic instance in which the consumer took charge. He did this, and imposed his will on the producer, because the producer had done nothing effective for himself. In a world which is at present in unstable equilibrium, which is being lifted this way and that by the pressure of contending forces, it offers a lesson on which there is no need to dwell. Probably the reaction against a system of health insurance would be much the same here as in Britain. No professional man is a more thoroughgoing individualist than the doctor. But his opposition to health insurance legislation would be decisive on one condition only. Without an adequate plan of his own, to distribute equitably the cost of medical attendance, while at the same time reducing unattended sickness to the minimum, he would be helpless. If on the other hand, his plans already provided for the public health with such completeness and economy, that an arbitrary panel system offered nothing, the public would accept them gladly. Here, indeed, would group action vindicate itself.

GILBERT E. JACKSON.

C. N. R.

"If we could first know where we are and whither we are going, we could better judge what to do and how to do it."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

WHEN Sir Henry Drayton collaborated with Mr. Acworth to write the majority report of the Railway Inquiry Commission he stated that the Canadian Northern, Grand Trunk, and Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Companies had broken down, and added that he saw no way to organize new private companies in their place. Accordingly he recommended the formation of a new company to be controlled by the Government, which should own and operate these lines along with the Intercolonial and the National Transcontinental as a single system "on a commercial basis under politically undisturbed management, on account of, and for the benefit of, the people of Canada".¹ . . . "We have endeavoured," he wrote, "to estimate the annual liability of the government to meet unearned interest during the first few years of the scheme and we put it at about \$12,500,000 per annum."² When Mr. Reid, Minister of Railways and Canals, outlined in Parliament the results of the operations of the Canadian National System for the calendar year 1920 he reported a total deficit of \$70,331,734.88.³ When his colleague, the Minister of Finance, the same Sir Henry Drayton who wrote the report, tabled the estimates for the financial year ending March 31, 1922, he reported that he required for railways (not including capital) \$172,678,633.39.⁴ "And so the whirligig of time brings about his revenge."

It must be clearly understood that this situation has not fallen upon us with catastrophic speed. It is the direct outgrowth of our failure to attempt to see where we were and whither we were going in the first years of the present century when the "boomer" was king. It has followed, as night follows day, the unreasoning optimism and crass ignorance of the public and of public men. Then the people of Canada refused to consider the matter sanely and sensibly; now they are paying the price.

Any discussion of this situation pivots naturally about the report of the Commission. Accordingly an attempt will be made here to outline two things: First, the position of the different companies at the end of 1916; second, the recommendations contained both in the majority and minority reports. But let us ever bear in mind the two fundamental conditions underlying the whole situation. The first is that we have overbuilt our railways. If we had twenty million people we should probably have no problem.

¹Report of the Railway Inquiry Commission, page lxxxvii.

²Ibid, page lxxxix.

³House of Commons Debates, March 17, 1921.

⁴House of Commons Debates, March 8, 1921.

The growth in mileage, particularly between 1911 and 1914, has far outstripped the growth in population. In 1901 Canada had a population of 5,371,000, or 296 persons per mile of line; in 1911, 7,206,000, or 284 per mile of line. At present she has probably only about 230 persons per mile of line; perhaps not so many. Till the balance is restored there is bound to be difficulty.

The second is the enormously strong position of the Canadian Pacific. At the beginning of the century it had passed safely through the trying development period. It was then firmly established and was ready and able to play its full part in the great expansion which the country was about to experience. Faced with two rapidly growing rivals it extended its lines rapidly in the ensuing years and consolidated a position which was already immensely strong. At no time has that strength been so clearly shown as in the past few years. Subject to the competition of a heavily subsidized rival it continues to take the cream of Canadian traffic. "The Canadian Pacific handled traffic representing revenue 71 per cent. in excess of the Canadian National with an additional cost of transportation of only 13 per cent."¹ So great is its strength that the Canadian Pacific could continue to compete on this unequal basis for a period of years before its dividend would be threatened.

The Canadian Northern is the most promising part of the present Canadian National System. Its lines were exceptionally well located with a view to future growth. It was cheaply constructed yet there was no sacrifice of future operating economy, when traffic should increase in volume. The following quotation illustrates this. "It was . . . in their interest" (that of Sir William Mackenzie and Sir Donald Mann) "as owners of all the common stock, that the road should be as well located and as economically constructed as possible. And they did their utmost to attain this end. . . . The cost of construction of the Canadian Northern from Port Arthur east to Montreal can be compared fairly to the cost of the National Transcontinental from Winnipeg to Quebec. The cost of the Canadian Northern was \$52,602 per mile, including in this amount interest at 5% during the construction period, but excluding the Montreal passenger terminal. The cost of the National Transcontinental was \$93,735 per mile, including interest at 3% down to December 31, 1914, but excluding the cost of the Quebec bridge."² The net earnings of the Canadian Northern Railways were increasing rapidly prior to their acquisition by the Government.

But there were two pitfalls in this prospect.

¹Memorandum of Lord Shaughnessy to Premier Meighen, April 25, 1921.

²Report of the Railway Inquiry Commission, page lxi.

First, the Prairie Lines, though self-supporting, were not yet sufficiently developed to support the extensions to the Atlantic and Pacific, which were bound to be a heavy drain on the system for many years. Second, the common stock, though it represented a great service to the company in the supervision of construction, did not represent a dollar of cash paid into the Company's Treasury. The result was that the road, being constructed in advance of existing requirements and entirely out of the proceeds of bond sales, bore a burden of interest that was out of all proportion to earnings. Net earnings for the year ending June 30, 1919, were \$11,500,000, equal to about 75 per cent. of fixed charges. But this showing was made at the expense of the property. The Company was in urgent need of new capital for additions and betterments to its lines and, especially, for new equipment. A reorganization of some kind was inevitable.

The Grand Trunk Pacific-National Transcontinental Scheme was that most hopeless of all hopeless things, a highly capitalized main line without adequate terminals and practically without feeders. It ran through a territory that was either virgin or very sparsely settled. The western terminus was to be Prince Rupert, a splendid port suited for a large ocean traffic, which shows no sign of appearing. The eastern terminus is located inland at Moncton, because there was so much jealousy between Halifax and St. John that neither one could bear to see the other get it. How happy could the railway have been with either were 'tother fair city away!

The Borden Government recognized the fact that the National Transcontinental, as constructed, was largely a political venture, without economic justification, and informally relieved the Grand Trunk Pacific of its obligation to operate it. Even then the position of the Grand Trunk Pacific as a separate enterprise was hopeless. For the year 1916 it could barely pay operating expenses. Fixed charges were met out of a loan of \$8,000,000 granted by the Government. There was literally no prospect of any improvement in the near future.

It is this lamentable failure of its subsidiary that has brought the Grand Trunk Company into its present position. It had guaranteed \$97,000,000 of Grand Trunk Pacific bonds and had made cash advances of about \$26,000,000. The cash advances drained off funds that should have been turned back into its own plant while the guarantees assumed such proportions, that they threatened the Company's own credit. In 1916 Grand Trunk officials estimated that \$21,000,000, which should have been spent in maintaining their own road and equipment, had not been so spent. The Commission estimated that about \$30,000,000 of new capital must be spent on the Grand Trunk itself, before the line could handle the available traffic efficiently. Yet in the ten-year

period during which these financial requirements were piling up, the Grand Trunk Company paid out \$36,000,000 in dividends. It is no injustice to say that the major part of these dividends was paid out of capital.

The position of the Grand Trunk Company in 1916 was then as follows; its own line and equipment were badly run down and needed to be enlarged and improved; it was bound to meet the interest on the bonds which it had guaranteed; and owing to the general rise in prices and wages its net earnings were being rapidly wiped out.

Under these circumstances the Railway Inquiry Commission was appointed in July, 1916, to investigate the whole Canadian transportation problem, and its report was presented in the spring of the following year. Sir Henry Drayton acted as chairman. The other members were Mr. W. M. Acworth, the English railway expert, and Mr. A. H. Smith, the President of the New York Central Lines. As the commissioners could not agree, the two sections of the report will be considered separately.

The key-note of the majority or Drayton-Acworth Report is contained in the following extract. "Our personal belief is strong that, in normal circumstances, railway enterprise is a matter best left in private hands, subject to proper regulation by the Government."¹ . . . "But in the case of the Canadian Northern, the Grand Trunk, and the Grand Trunk Pacific the circumstances are not normal. These companies have broken down. We see no way to organize new companies to take their place. Their only possible successor is, in our view, a public authority. We are confronted with a condition and not a theory."² Accordingly they recommended the formation of a new company to operate the three properties, along with the Intercolonial and National Transcontinental Lines, as one system. They suggested the appointment of a Board of Arbitrators to determine two questions: First, what portion of the Canadian Northern common stock might fairly remain the property of the present holders; Second, what proportion of the earnings of the new company might fairly be regarded as attributable to the Canadian Northern Lines. The whole capital stock of the Grand Trunk Company was to be surrendered by agreement to the new company, in return for an annuity which should be "a moderate but substantial percentage"³ of \$3,600,000 (the average annual dividend payment between 1906 and 1916), increasing by 40% or 50% in 7 or 8 years. They expected that the new Company would be able to finance itself, if not immediately, at least very soon after its formation.

The Minority Report of Mr. Smith recognized

that the problem had arisen with the aid and encouragement of both the Canadian Government and people. The solution he found in the utilization of existing agencies—not in an untried policy which bore a strong resemblance to the very government operation which his colleagues themselves condemned. He recommended that the Canadian Northern be required to confine its operations to the territory west of Winnipeg, and to take a lease of the Grand Trunk Pacific for a period of twenty-one years, at a rental equal to fixed charges. The Grand Trunk should be released from its obligations in respect to the Grand Trunk Pacific. It should be required to confine its operations to the east, and should lease the lines of the Canadian Northern east of North Bay and Parry Sound for the same period, at a rental equal to fixed charges. The Government could either operate the connecting link or arrange for its operation by one of the other companies. The Transcontinental would continue to be operated in conjunction with the Intercolonial. Under such a scheme the continuance of Government aid would be necessary till peace and the growth of the country made a permanent solution of the railway problem possible.

The Government of the day did not see fit to follow *in toto* either of the reports. Instead of leaving part of the stock of the Canadian Northern in the hands of its private owners it constituted a Board of Arbitrators to determine its value and then expropriated it at that price. The Grand Trunk Pacific was permitted to go on under the sedative of yearly Government loans, until it finally expired in March, 1919. From then until August 23, 1920, it was operated by the Minister of Railways and Canals as Receiver, and since then by the Canadian National Railway Board. Instead of taking the whole capital stock of the Grand Trunk Company in return for an annuity which should be "a moderate but substantial portion" of \$3,600,000 per annum, and permitting the Directors of the Company to distribute this among the shareholders, the Government made itself responsible for annual interest payments amounting to \$2,500,000, on the guaranteed stock of the Company, as well as for interest on the debentures (which are practically the bonds of the Company). The value of the first, second, and third preference stocks and of the common stock is at present under arbitration. Nor has the management realized the dreams of economy in which Sir Henry Drayton indulged. Omitting the Grand Trunk (which was not yet a part of it) the Canadian National System made a total deficit of \$70,000,000 from January 1st to December 31st, 1920. These interesting developments will be reviewed in the pages of THE CANADIAN FORUM at an early date.

JOHN L. McDougall.

¹Railway Inquiry Commission, page li.

²Ibid, iii.

³Report of the Railway Inquiry Commission, page lxxxviii.

Luckenwalde

LUCKENWALDE is a town of 24,000 people some twenty miles out of Berlin. Nobody ever goes there to look at the scenery, bet on the races, visit the museums, or buy things in the shops. Such attractions are quite lacking. A visitor would probably not notice anything about the place except the large number of factory chimneys. The Luckenwalders still remember the time when the chimneys were not there. Frederick the Great established a colony of weavers in the town about the time when George Washington became President of the United States, and some of the cottages which he built for them are still standing, their floors three feet below the street level and their roofs so low that the prudent housewife hides her key among the ancient red tiles when she goes shopping. In those little cottages stood the hand looms by means of which the parents of the present Luckenwalders earned a toilsome livelihood; and in the wide fields which then surrounded the town they kept a few cows and chickens and cultivated their little gardens. After the Franco-Prussian war other industries came in addition to the cloth manufacture, and in the last twenty years the town developed rapidly. Hat factories, paper factories, piano factories, were erected; the fields gradually became covered with buildings; houses and factories spread out almost to the very limit of the communal land, and Luckenwalde became a purely industrial town, entirely dependent upon the vagaries of a highly specialized and ever fluctuating world market.

Then came the War, with its feverish over-development of industry, and then the Peace. The Luckenwalde hat makers tried to regain their export trade only to find that the whole world seemed to be overflowing with hats. The metal workers, who had formerly made fine ornamental lamps and fittings for railway coaches, found that their occupation was gone. The paper workers, who used to make picnic plates and thin paper wrappers for delicate pastry and tarts, discovered that their wares were superfluous in a country where people have much ado to get bread without thinking of cake. The weavers, who had built up a wide reputation by turning out nothing but the very best and finest of cloth, soon learned that everybody in Germany, from street cleaner to *Geheimrat*, had discovered the secret of making old clothes last forever. As for the cabinet-makers and joiners, they could not do much business when six hundred and twenty young married people in this very town, now living in narrow quarters with their parents-in-law, were vainly beseeching the local Housing Commission to find dwellings for them. Nor was the prospect for the future much better. People do not have much left for the furniture man after they have paid the baker and the grocer.

The tailor and the butcher hardly enter into the reckoning.

Even the best paid workmen in Luckenwalde do not earn more than two hundred and fifty marks a week (about four dollars) when they are in full employment; and out of this they pay one-tenth as income tax besides compulsory insurance contributions. But not many are so fortunate as to be fully employed. True, the unemployment insurance office reports that only one hundred and ninety-six people in the town are out of work. But one of the first acts of the republican government in Germany was to decree that nobody should be discharged from his employment so long as his employer could find him twenty-four hours' work in the week. When business is slack people are not discharged but all work short time. In the paper industry there are workmen on the pay-roll who have not been working more than twenty-four hours a week for more than a year. A like situation exists in other trades. The tax lists for 1920 showed that few Luckenwalde workmen were able to earn more than six or seven thousand marks during the entire year. Out of its exiguous funds the town is helping to support four hundred and forty-one short-time workers and their six hundred and forty-seven dependents. Others who are also working only two or three days a week are not entitled to receive aid because of the numerous residential and other conditions imposed. At least one-tenth of the population of Luckenwalde consists of persons who are unemployed or half employed and their families. Such families have to live, in most cases, on less than one hundred and forty marks a week.

The maintenance of a family on two dollars and fifty cents a week is quite difficult even in Germany. That sum does not leave much margin for luxuries such as milk, butter, meat, fuel, clothes, or school books. It would scarcely be regarded as sufficiently large to bring with it the temptations of great wealth. The only way to live on this sum is to cultivate a taste for living on rye bread, potatoes, and substitute coffee, and hardly anything else. The government still provides grain below cost for the bread, and each person is allowed to buy four pounds a week of this bread. A family of five could buy twenty pounds of rye bread for about twenty-five marks. Potatoes cost one-half mark per pound. If you have to live on bread and potatoes you will need heaps of potatoes. Ten pounds a week would not be a very large allowance under such circumstances, but if you have to buy enough for a whole family the cost is something shocking. Of course, a potato diet has long been customary in parts of Ireland, but the Irish peasant combines it with milk, butter, and occasionally eggs. In Luckenwalde, with milk at six cents a quart, butter at forty cents a pound, and eggs at thirty cents a dozen, the housewife can only make a wry face and put more potatoes on to boil. Meanwhile the land-

lord and the tax collector must be punctually paid. The wealthy *Schieber* (profiteer) may sometimes evade the tax collector, but the workman's taxes are collected at the source, before he receives his pay envelope. Most families in Luckenwalde never have enough to eat.

Some of the fortunate ones who possess enough back garden to grow potatoes have risen in the morning to find that thieves have come in the night. The houses do not contain much that would tempt thieves to break through and steal (or moths to corrupt), but the potatoes have been dug up, still unripe, and carried away. Not long ago Herr Andres, who is the head of the Children's Aid Department in Luckenwalde, had to interview a man who had attempted to hang himself. When asked the reason for his act the man said that it had all arisen out of a quarrel with his wife. What was the cause of her destructive wrath? The man at last confessed that his own extravagance and gluttony had been at fault. He and his wife had been eating their evening meal, which consisted, as usual, of boiled potatoes dipped in a little grease on a plate. The woman dipped her piece of potato with the round side down so that it merely touched the grease, but the man dipped his with the flat side down so that several drops of the precious fat adhered to each mouthful. For this conduct his wife reproached him so bitterly that, weary of such an existence, or perhaps remorsefully desirous of removing a superfluous mouth from the world, he had attempted to take his life.

Subscriptions from America have hitherto been making it possible to provide a little supplementary food at the schools for some of the most seriously undernourished mothers and children, but how long this urgently needed relief work can continue it is at present not possible to say. Even it is attended with great difficulties. Many of the children are clothed only in rags (though these are patched with care) and have not a shirt or a pair of stockings in the whole of their limited wardrobe. Such children have been known to stay away from the medical examination because they were ashamed to let others see how poorly they were clad. Sometimes they stay away until all the other children have gone before coming into the medical room to be examined. Others have even stayed away from the schoolhouse where food awaited them because they did not have enough warm clothing to go on the street at all last winter. Pneumonia lurks in waiting for the incautious person who ventures out into the cold German winter weather underfed and underclad. It will be worse this winter because there has been no money this year to buy clothes.

Outsiders sometimes imagine that the events now occurring in East Prussia and Upper Silesia have no direct effect upon the rest of Germany. When the Poles took over the Corridor, all the German officials

were discharged and had to commence a new existence in the already overcrowded western and southern parts of Germany. More than one hundred of them came to Luckenwalde, where they must be treated in the same way as the Luckenwalders. They have an equal claim for housing accommodations, and when a teaching post is vacant every second one must be given to a refugee. Should the town fail to observe this regulation the school grant from the central government would be withdrawn. It will readily be seen how this intensifies the unemployment and housing difficulties. Luckenwalde has already adopted a regulation that accommodation shall not be allotted to any married couple unless the man is more than twenty-five and the woman more than twenty-one. It was thought that this policy would delay marriages, but the population has again begun to increase. What are the new people to do? Where are they to go?

Since the armistice the Luckenwalders have built one hundred and thirty new houses, some being quite durable and good. We inquired whence came the funds to build houses, and why the town had embarked upon such extravagance when food and clothing were such pressing necessities. The money was borrowed. But who had so much to lend? It had come from the private banks, which are supposed to be financed by the government. How, then, did the government of impoverished Germany obtain funds to finance local housing programmes? From that great and unfailing source of wealth, the printing press! Such a policy would probably meet with the disapproval of the economists, but evidently the continued over-issue of paper money makes it possible to build real houses and to distribute what wealth there is in the country more widely among a class where even now there is great unemployment and want. It is not defrauding the Entente of the reparations demanded by the latter, because the Entente is not yet willing to accept payment in the form of building materials, and Germany cannot find a market even for the export goods which she is now able to produce. It is true that inflation injures the *rentiers*, the unfortunate old people who placed their money in banks, insurance policies, or government bonds. Their investments have been annihilated, and many of them are starving. But if it is necessary for somebody to starve (and this appears to be the case), perhaps it is better that the victims should be those who have now become unproductive rather than those who are still capable of work.

In some quarters it is indeed seriously believed that the philosophy of Malthus is once more suited to the times. The densely populated lands of Europe have for many years supported their people only by an extensive manufacturing and commercial activity which was possible only so long as the newer countries continued to export their raw materials and receive

manufactured goods in return. But the war has given a new impetus to nationalistic commercial policies aiming at self-sufficiency. Both the United States and Canada have taken steps with the object of preventing resumption of commerce with Central Europe on the former basis. There is a strong party which aims to make the British Empire entirely self-contained and commercially independent. The excluded countries can form new commercial relationships, but how long will it take? How soon, if ever, will Central Europe be able to support its existing population under tolerable conditions of life?

Even Russia now fears the danger of over-population. In a German internment camp at Altdamm, near Stettin, there are scores of Russian prisoners of war who are not allowed by the Russian government to return to Russia because during their captivity they were so injudicious as to marry German wives and accumulate an excessively large quiverful of Russo-German children. Nor has Germany room for such families. Before the war the natural increase of the German population reached eight hundred thousand a year. What is now to be done?

The chamber philosopher may be content to acquiesce in starvation, misery, and further wars as Nature's method of dismissing from her banquet those guests for whom there is no place. But the most rigorous Malthusian logician has been known to waver in his principles when confronted with hungry children who are in process of being thus "dismissed." It is not yet certain that Nature alone is to blame in the matter.

HUBERT R. KEMP,
Berlin, June 22.

A Woman's Confession

We knew not what we did,
Not ours the fires kindled on the earth;
Yet we, from ages charged to bring to birth,
Down to death-dealing slid.

We left our vision clear
Which men say comes upon us all unsought;
Our instincts we have silenced, and have taught
Our minds the truth to blear.

Our voices were not heard
Bidding men wait before they sentence passed;
Our tenderness towards life away we cast,
We called "peace-talk" absurd.

We failed to see our star;
God and the world and men cried for our aid;
We gave them guns and shells and gladly paid
Our money for the war.

We said, "When all is past,
Then, then will woman come into her own".
Fools! To reap grain we have rank thistles sown,
Chains round us we have cast.

And when at length peace came,
We could not say, "In this we had a share",
To hasten that blest day we did not dare,
Lest men us cowards name.

Not unto us, O Lord,
The glory of a righteous cry for peace;
Our hands are blood-stained, for we did not cease
To forge and whet the sword.

We failed, as men have failed,
No longer can we claim a purer heart;
In the great game of war we played our part,
Full with the tide we sailed.

MARGARET FAIRLEY.

Count Leo N. Tolstoy, 1890-1910

PART II

THE members of the household at Yasnaya Polyana, during the period of my first visit in 1899, were the Count and Countess, their daughters Tatiana and Sasha, their sons Sergius and André, the wife of the latter, Countess Olga, a sister of the Count, Countess Marie, superioress of a nunnery, M. Ge (pronounced as Gay), son of a celebrated Russian painter, and voluntary Secretary of Tolstoy, and M. Charles Simon, translator of the works of Tolstoy into French. Count Sergius had visited me in Toronto on his way to see how the Doukhobors were establishing themselves; the other members of the family I saw for the first time. The family life of the Tolstoys at that period made upon me a very charming impression. Later I shall have something to say upon the delicate and difficult subject of the causes of the unhappiness of the family at a subsequent period. For that precise reason I desire now to set down with as much fidelity as I can the impressions of 1899. All of the family treated me not merely with extreme kindness but in a manner adopted me into it, regarding continued and abiding friendship as very natural. The members of the family whose characters particularly attracted me were three of the ladies—the nun, Countess Marie, and the Countesses Tatiana and Olga. The first mentioned was at that time a woman of about fifty years of age. Her features, shown in a family group taken in a snap shot by the Countess Tolstoy, were extremely like the portrait of Savonarola. She was indeed an ecclesiastic with her eyes turned towards the Reformation. One afternoon, while Tolstoy was taking his siesta, I was availing myself of the opportunity to

catechise Ge upon the details of the variety of communism which he professed. I cannot now recall the precise point reached in his explanation and the consequent argument, but at a certain moment he replied to an observation of the Countess Marie with a quotation from Tolstoy. He delivered this with a conclusive air as if the opinion of Tolstoy finally settled the matter. The Countess Marie rose from the verandah table round which we were sitting and approaching the door raised her arm with the gesture of a tragic actress. Dropping French, which she had been using during the conversation, she exclaimed with ardour in her native Russian: "Much as I love my brother I would rather pin my faith to the words of St. Augustine and St. Paul than to any words of his."

The Countess Tatiana struck me at that time as exhibiting more of her father's characteristics than any of the other members of the family, although she had a talent for practical details which her father did not have, and her mother did not have, or having did not exhibit. The Countess Olga, wife of André, also appeared to have very sympathetic relations with her father-in-law. She was a very handsome young woman, well educated and highly intelligent.

One wet and stormy night, while the rain was beating upon the windows, Tolstoy and I were playing chess, when about eleven o'clock André came upstairs and told his father that a young man had arrived on foot, drenched to the skin, who desired to speak to him. Tolstoy went down and returned in a quarter of an hour. "This is an interesting young man," he said, "I would like you to see him in the morning. He has told me that he is a native of Odessa, that he inherited a considerable fortune and that under the influence of my writings and of his reading of the Scriptures, he had made up his mind to do what the young man who made 'the great refusal' failed to do. He had given all he had to the poor and committed himself to a wandering life, preaching the Gospel wherever he went. He had walked from Odessa to Yasnaya Polyana, a distance of about five hundred miles, for the purpose of telling me that I was not myself living a Christian life, and that I was not even bringing my life into correspondence with my teaching." I remarked that his conduct suggested mental disease. "Oh, no!" said Tolstoy, "we Russians are all like that." I did not argue the point because to the suggestion that, if the Kantian maxim were applied and every one became a wanderer, there would be no production and the life of a numerous community would become impossible, I knew very well that Tolstoy's answer would be: "We have nothing to do with consequences." We, therefore, resumed our game.

The young man from Odessa had been hospitably entertained and had been put to bed in a small pavilion adjoining the chateau. It occurred to me

that, having delivered his message, he would most likely depart early in the morning. I therefore rose between five and six o'clock and went to the pavilion. I found that he had already gone. About daybreak he had tapped at the window of another pavilion, occupied by Charles Simon, and had called to him: "Charles, the Frenchman, I am going away", and thus he departed to carry his gospel to others.

Shortly before my arrival Tolstoy had a visit from Cæsare Lombroso, the Italian criminologist. He created a very unfavourable impression on Tolstoy's mind, as well in general as on account of a particular incident which Tolstoy narrated to me. There was staying at Yasnaya Polyana during Lombroso's visit a young Russian nobleman of good family and high character, well known to Tolstoy. When Lombroso was taking his leave this young man volunteered to drive to the railway station with him in order to take out his ticket and arrange about his baggage as Lombroso did not speak Russian. About a week afterwards the young man received a letter from Lombroso accusing him of having abstracted a note for a hundred rubles from his pocket-book when it was handed to him by Lombroso in order that his ticket might be paid for. The letter went on to say that, unless this sum were remitted at once, the affair would be placed in the hands of the police. The young man brought the letter to Tolstoy, who told me he thought the accusation quite ridiculous, that his friend was wholly incapable of committing a theft. The young man was, however, naturally perturbed. He wrote to Lombroso and, while repudiating the accusation, said that since it appeared that Lombroso had lost the money and since also it appeared that the sum was important to him, a hundred rubles was enclosed to make it good. If, he added, Lombroso found that the money had not been lost or was otherwise recovered, the amount could be given to some charity. Tolstoy seemed not to be clear that the young man was right in adopting this course but he was quite clear upon the impropriety and courtesy of Lombroso's accusation. It should perhaps be said by way of explanation that from memoirs published since Lombroso's death it appears that during the later years of his life his mind was clouded and unbalanced as a result of arterio-sclerosis.

Tolstoy told me that he had shortly before had a visit from William Jennings Bryan, the Democratic Candidate for the Presidency of the United States. I had seen Bryan and heard him deliver one of his orations, and I was surprised to find that he made a favourable impression on Tolstoy. Possibly this was due to a certain similarity between Bryan and Henry George, for whom Tolstoy entertained a great admiration. Yet the uncouthness and utter absence of cultivation which continually exuded from Bryan might have been supposed to induce a feeling of repulsion. Cultivation of the customary kind did

not, however, attract Tolstoy; and perhaps he found some virtue in Bryan which was invisible to other eyes. Tolstoy was not interested in Bryan merely because he recognized in Bryan a certain American type, but because he really liked him on the ground of what he regarded as his sincerity.

Tolstoy was much interested in Henry George. Here again the special propaganda of George was not that which attracted him. He had obviously not worked out the reactions of the application to Russia of the plan of land nationalization, nor had he considered in this connection the attitude of the peasants towards the land question. In general Tolstoy disliked and distrusted governmental administration and disapproved of the nationalization of anything in so far as that might involve governmental control. He was attracted to George because he brought the land question into a vivid light and because the situation in Russia, in which the great landed proprietors were commercializing agriculture and altering the character of village life, corresponded in its general economic features to the situation in California where the railway and land companies were commercializing life to their own advantage. Against this policy George's *Progress and Poverty* was primarily directed. The chief attraction of George to Tolstoy was, however, the same as that of Dickens, viz., his apparent enthusiasm for, and sympathy with, humanity. On Russian affairs at that time Tolstoy spoke with little hope of immediate change and with little confidence in any merely political or even social movements. Count Witte was then in power. Witte had made advances to Tolstoy and had solicited his interest in measures he proposed to adopt for the removal to Siberia of peasants from the congested districts of European Russia. No doubt Tolstoy's influence with the peasants would have been important to secure. Apart from the fact, communicated to me by Tolstoy, that he had no faith in Witte and no liking for co-operation with him, Tolstoy thought that it would be necessary for the Government not merely to give low rates for transference to Siberia but to give free transportation at least, if not also to supply the peasants with capital to enable them to establish themselves. At a moment when the European railway and steamship companies were giving extraordinary low rates for the transport of peasants and their belongings from Galicia for example to America, where the prospect of high wages constituted a powerful magnet, it might have been necessary for the success of the Siberian immigration policy that the Russian Government should do even more.

Tolstoy seemed to me to be too well aware of the psychology of the Russian peasant to idealize him, as many of the Slavophils and even many of the anarchist groups were prone to do. He felt that the peasant needed not merely improvement in his economic condition but more importantly improvement in his

mental and moral condition. Such improvement was not, however, to be achieved by the methods which were regarded as progressive in Western Europe. Tolstoy had the same repugnance to industrialism as Ruskin had, and disliked the utilitarian basis of the education prevalent in Europe and America.

JAMES MAVOR.

(*To be continued*).

Rebellious Readings

Cave canem!—"Ware the dog!"

Now 'tis a shocking thing,
To hear a freshman render it—
"Look out! for I may sing."

Splendide mendax—"grandly mendacious",

Thus we are taught to translate,
But would you consider it somewhat audacious
To render it, "Lying in State"?

Post equitem—this means, of course,
"After a ride upon a horse";

Atra—"the lady with black hair,"

Cura sedet—"sits down with care."

The Weighing of Anchises

When pious Æneas
Said he wouldn't see his
Old father left pining alone,
He gave him a back,
Though, alas! and alack!
He must have weighed ten or twelve stone.

Now it wouldn't surprise us
To hear that Anchises
Had "weighed in" on avoirdupois weight;
But I would protest,
At the risk of a jest,
That in his case it should have been Troy weight.

If a reader should read
Thus far in this screed,
I think I could hardly resist him,
If I heard him saying
That *he* thought the weighing
Was done on the metrical system.

The Horse's Neck

When Horace composed his *De Arte Poetica*,
He made to his readers at large so pathetic a
Plea, that they felt that they always should do as he
Warned them when tempted to dabble in poesy.

He advised them that they should avoid all distortions
And always observe the most proper proportions;
And said that a painter could do nothing worse
Than join a man's head to the neck of a horse.

Though poets are said to be seers and sages,
They can't foresee everything all through the ages.
What may, as depicted in Horace's text,
Be absurd in one place is all right in the next.

So now, in the very best golfing society,
It's never considered a breach of propriety
When hot tired golfers, regardless of sex,
Join their burning hot heads to nice cool horses' necks.

CINNAMON.

The Antiphonal Song

HORACE AND LYDIA

Book III, Ode 9.

When I once pleased, and you were not caressed
By any other youth whose arms he'd fling
Around your snowy neck, I was more blessed,
And happier far, than ever Persian King.

When you for Chloe had no ardent flame,
Nor ranked her first, but loved me then the most,
I, Lydia, then enjoyed a greater fame
Than Ilia of Rome could ever boast.

Fair Chloe, skilful mistress of the lyre,
Whose voice accords so sweetly with its tone,
Enchants me now; and gladly I'd expire
If my surviving soul could join her own.

Young Calais of Thuria, gentle swain,
Is he whose rapturous love I now enjoy;
Death, double death, to me would be no pain,
If Fate would spare my well-beloved boy.

What if our former love revive again
To bind us in indissoluble bonds,
Chloe, the golden-haired forsaken—then
Would Lydia, once deserted, now be fond?

Although his beauty make the star-light pale,
Though none with you for levity might vie,
Your passion rage like Adriatic gale,
With you, I'd gladly live or gladly die.

To the Spring of Bandusia

Book III, Ode 13.

Oh crystal spring in shady bowers,
Libations of the purest wine
From goblets wreathed with dewy flowers
To-morrow shall be thine.

A tender kid, new-horned for strife,
Or amorous battle all in vain,
Shall render unto thee his life,
His blood thy waters stain.

Secure from dog-star's scorching ray,
Thy cooling streams refresh the ox
Work-weary, and at close of day
Revive the wandering flocks.

Oh never shall thy glory fade,
Or fame depart, while I can sing
Thy sounding rocks, thy oaken shade,
Bandusia, beauteous spring.

E. D. ARMOUR.

Art for the People

NOW that the Devonshires are bidding farewell, we are threatened with a new issue of Canadian bills by the Dominion Government. It has been customary in Canada—and it is a good custom too—to honour the retiring Governor-General by printing an issue of new bills in denominations of one and two dollars commemorating his sojourn in this country. The last Government bills which were issued bearing pictures of the members of the Connaught family were pretty bad, and it is desirable to prevent a recurrence of the same blunder.

The bill for one dollar with the Princess Patricia medallion has some calligraphy, believe me, in the lettering of the word "one"! The poor Princess looks rather weary, too. On the back we have a view of the Houses of Parliament at Ottawa, which is about as bad as it could be. The Connaught bill for two dollars is an atrocity. The crime was perpetrated by the American Bank Note Co., Ottawa, who are, no doubt, very proud of it because the name of the company appears on both sides of the bill. The noble Duke and his wife are drowned in a profusion of scrolls and ornamentation of a taste worthy of a school teacher of fifty years ago, and the words "Dominion of Canada" in Gothic are simply an insult to the eye and to the mind when used in connection with this country, which had no Middle Ages. The back of the bill is worse, if that is possible.

The Government should set an example and show the banks that we in Canada are no longer at the stage of being satisfied with a dirty-looking piece of paper as a dollar bill. The banks themselves should be told not to abuse the public by keeping in circulation notes bearing pictures which were the taste of this country when the banks obtained their charters. The bills of the Bank of Toronto are the most hideous of all. This bank had money and initiative to build themselves a fine modern building in Toronto—not a common sky-scraper—but when

They are asked to do something for the public they simply continue to reprint five and ten dollar bills of the time when Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort were young. This horrid looking thing is a discredit to the whole of Canada. One can imagine what an impression it must make abroad to see in the corner of that colonial bill a picture of a train, the engine of which has one of those clumsy funnels in vogue in the first days of the railway.

The bills of the Sterling Bank are the next worst offenders. The others are all commonplace except those banks that are persistently depicting the faces of some of their Directors. Very often the banking staff themselves do not remember the names of those fellows whom the Canadian people are compelled to gaze upon again and again, day after day. On the fifty dollar bills of the Imperial Bank there is an old man with a wig who, I am sure, is under the sod long ago, but nobody but the initiated knows for sure the name and the deeds of that Canadian hero. The Molson's Bank has also two nice gentlemen of the eighties on its bills; one with side-whiskers, who appears to be quite a nice old chap, and, no doubt, deserves the honour of being immortalized by having thousands and thousands of his pictures spread throughout the country. The Merchants Bank bills depict a well-dressed gentleman on one side and on the other a tiny picture of an obsolete Indian on horseback. The bills of the Royal Bank show two ancient directors, and are also an abomination. In the centre is the Coat of Arms of Canada with a microscopic Crown, altogether out of proportion.

The banks here have the privilege of circulating paper, and they should be required by the Government to do something for the public in the sense of art and good taste. They should at least give evidence on their bills that wealth is not adverse to good taste. But, of course, the whole system should be changed. The bills that pass from hand to hand of the Canadian people should be approved by some Board of Canadian artists, and then a lot of undesirable things would disappear. For instance, that American style of ornamentation, which, unfortunately, was taken to Europe from America for a short time, and which I will describe as the "calligraphic style," is a thing of the past. Those engravings of circles and spirals intermingled are of the time when our grandfathers tried to make a portrait of Queen Victoria without lifting the pen from the paper or a drawing of St. John and the little lamb with circles and spirals. It has been said that these complicated engravings make forgeries difficult, but that excuse does not count in these days. Of course, time appears not to bring any change to the American Bank Note Company of Ottawa.

The best of it is that the United States bills are, after all, not so bad; at least, they have a certain

meaning in giving the history of the country with the portraits of the late Presidents. The dollar bill with the face of Washington is passable, and they took as much advantage as they could of their eagle. There are little touches of history also, such as that view of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. All this gives an impression of the self-respect of the country; when a foreigner sees one of those bills he realizes that there is something behind it. On the other hand, when our Canadian bills had a depreciation of 17% in the United States, the Americans made all kinds of jokes about them, saying that they did not even like the look of them, and there is no doubt about it that the Canadian bills were making a very bad show at that time with all their miserable scrolls and the portraits in pairs of those "paying-blokes" as the flower of the nobility of the country.

An attempt at better things was made with the bills of the Canadian Bank of Commerce issued in commemoration of Sir Edmund Walker's services. These are clean, nice-looking bills without any scrolls and calligraphic ornaments. The front of the bill is almost perfect, but on the back there are two allegorical figures holding tightly to a small medallion, otherwise, they would most certainly fall. The other fault of these bills of the Canadian Bank of Commerce is that they do not look at all Canadian with their semi-nude figures and mythological beings, altogether strange to this land of snows and lakes. We certainly have now in this country a consciousness of the beauty of the Canadian landscape and a few views of real Canada would give distinction to our bills. We would not advocate putting the "great sights" on the bills. We would leave Niagara Falls for advertising a Cereal Food Co., if they want it; the Saginaw to the Steamship Companies and the Rockies to the C.P.R. What should be represented on the back of the Canadian bills is one of the beautiful spots to be found on the Georgian Bay, an Island of Muskoka, or a log cabin in the North beside a half-frozen stream, and on the front some incident of Canadian history—not Mercury or any other allegoric Greek figure that looks ridiculous in this newly-born land.

We are sure that most people will consider it absurd to waste time in discussing if the paper bills are ugly or not; they will say that it does not alter the pleasure that can be obtained with them, and that is all they require of the bills.

But nevertheless all over the world the artists and the educated classes have been insisting for years and years on the great opportunity of teaching the people the pleasures of art through the common things of life. They claim it gradually influences the people to a higher appreciation of the beauties of the world, and prepares for a better mankind.

In Europe a great campaign was made in this direction a few years before the war. England did

not need to change her money and coins to any extent. The English sovereign has always been reputed to be one of the most beautiful coins in the world and the Bank of England notes simply honour the institution that is backing them, but the French had to change the bills of the Bank of France, which were too ugly, and the French coins representing the Republic seeding the ground or the French cock were the result of long studies and careful selections. The old Russian and Austrian Governments were very proud of possessing the most beautiful bills in the world, and the action of the Governments was not limited to the money, but extended to all the things into which art could be introduced, such as postage stamps, Government bonds, posters, advertisements, etc.

The cloth of the uniforms of the French soldiers, when the war showed the necessity of turning it into khaki or something similar, was made of a kind of blue which was the result of much study. The same applies to the colour of the postage stamps. The International Conventions compelled the countries all over the world to use the same colours on stamps of the same value, but different shades were obtainable that made the stamps distinctive and attractive. The colour of the French postage stamps, although retaining red, blue, etc., were made of the most beautiful tones of those colours, about which great artists were consulted.

Each of these Government products should be strictly controlled and criticized by experts. Millions of people are condemned to see the same figures or drawings continually, and it is a crime to allow ugliness to remain without protest. A change must be made in Canada, but in the right way. We remember for instance, that blunder with the Canadian stamps commemorating the 50 years of the birth of the Confederation. In a space no larger than half an inch square were represented 34 persons amongst other things. The subject, of course, was appropriate to the commemoration, but not for a little postage stamp.

The importance of art cannot be exaggerated, and the Governments realized it when they were making propaganda for the war. Then posters of all kinds were ordered from the best artists of every country. In Russia to-day the Bolsheviks, we are told, are using artistic posters to teach all kinds of things, and amongst them, of course, political ideas, but the Governments of the countries where there is no danger in view do not seem to consider art in the things of every-day life so important. Anyhow, everything has a limit and the ugliness of the Canadian Bank bills surpass toleration—they certainly are not a good advertisement for this country.

J. PIJOAN.

A Royal Nursery

THE impressions of childhood remain. And as I look at the manuscript from which the extracts given below are taken I remember once more the thrill of delightful terror with which I listened to the grown-ups in my home discussing the manner in which letters and newspapers sent to my married cousin in St. Petersburg were tampered with before she got them. How the newspapers had whole columns blocked out and the letters bore evidence of being read.

During the many years she and her husband, a banker, were resident in St. Petersburg they were in close touch with the members of the British colony there and often heard things which, for obvious reasons, could not be openly discussed. Among these the experiences of Miss Mary M—— were only committed to writing on the free shores of England, and have never, so far as I am aware, been known save to her friends. There was nothing thrilling about them, but they shed a curious side light on the way things were managed in Russia forty years ago or more.

Miss Mary had gone to Russia to be nursery-governess in the family of a nobleman of high rank whose wife had just had her fourth son. Mary was Scotch and had been highly recommended to the Countess who soon found she had secured a treasure. Miss Mary's devotion to the children was beyond all praise, and did not escape the eyes of other people besides her employers. After she had been with the latter for some time the family went to the north of Italy for a holiday, and while there she was entirely engrossed with the care of a very delicate child on whom she lavished all the affection of her heart. One day the Countess received a telegram from St. Petersburg. It bore a peremptory message. "Send Mary back. She is required in the Anichikoff Palace." The Countess hurried to Mary with the disconcerting news. What was to be done? Apparently nothing but what was asked. But Mary refused to be torn from her little charge in that fashion. She was not ambitious, and she was happy where she was. "I won't go," said Mary, "and that's an end of it." The Countess was overjoyed and boasted to her friends, even in Mary's hearing, that she would not leave even for a position in a Palace. But her self-satisfaction was short. A few days later another telegram arrived. Immediately on reading it Mary was given notice to quit by her mistress. "But what have I done?" inquired the astonished nurse.

"Nothing, nothing, Mary. But I cannot keep you. Pack your things and return to St. Petersburg at once." Bewildered and broken-hearted she sought for further explanation, but receiving none, she finally did what she was ordered, and immediately



LOGGING

BY

ARTHUR LISMER

on her arrival was visited by one of the court ladies. After a short talk the caller said: "Well, Miss Mary, though you will not go to the Anichikoff Palace you can't have any objection to coming and seeing me at my new apartments in the Winter Palace. Come to-morrow afternoon, and if I happen to be out when you arrive just wait. I'll not be long."

Miss Mary accordingly went to pay the call the next afternoon, wondering what was to happen when she got there. The Countess P—— was "not at home" but Mary was ushered into a reception room, where she had only waited a few seconds when the door opened and a pretty little lady entered whom Mary had never seen but at sight of whom she instinctively stood up. Without saying who she was the newcomer chatted to her agreeably for several minutes in excellent English, and then nodding and smiling went out again.

Immediately afterwards the lady Mary was waiting to see came into the room. "Well, Mary," she said, "you have seen the Grand Duchess. She is not such a very terrible person is she, and I hope you like her for she is much pleased with *you*." And thus Miss Mary found that Fate had designed her for a position in the Royal Household and resigned herself accordingly. Her Imperial Highness, for such the pretty little lady was, showed every consideration to her once the matter was settled, saying among other things: "I know you are not very strong so understand I do not wish you to sit up at night till I come to cross the children, which is sometimes very late."

The years went on and as they passed Mary became more and more indispensable in the Royal nurseries. When the little Grand Duke, the future Czar Nicholas, was born he was a weakly child and it took all her skill and experience to rear him. She and the court doctors did not always agree in their ideas as to the treatment of his ailments and at times her position was far from easy, but she was always backed up by the Imperial mother, and generally the disputes ended in her having her own way, especially as the infant thrrove under her care. Once when he was seriously ill the Grand Duchess said to her: "Oh, Mary, I have lost one child already. Surely God will be merciful and spare me this one. *I'll* sit by him and *you* go and pray for him."

The happiest days were those which the family of Alexander spent in Denmark. Every one was free from apprehension in that safe little kingdom. The cots of the children were hoisted on board the yacht, *The Pole Star*, and riveted to the cabin floors, the boys dressed in sailor suits from London, ran as they pleased about the decks and the elders of the party gave themselves over to a period, all too short, of rest and calm.

The life in Denmark was a delightful contrast to that of St. Petersburg. The Danish Queen made a daily presentation of nourishing food to the sick and

needy, and herself filled the baskets. Then there were the flowers to be cut for the house, a duty which she attended to herself and a great pleasure to the grand children it was to help her in these tasks. Then there was the meeting with the English cousins. If possible, the Grand Duchess' sister, the then Princess Alexandra of Wales, always arranged to visit her Danish parents at the same time as the Russian party, and there was no one so popular with the cousins of Miss Mary's charges as Uncle Sadra. Uncle Sadra had strong arms and would often romp about the garden or up and down the stairs with three or four babies in his arms and on his back, while all the others held on as best they could to his coat tails. For poor Alexander, in the joy of having shaken off the terrors of assassination and bombs, was as gay as a child himself when in Denmark.

One memorable day all the cousins who were old enough were taken by Uncle Sadra on a blackberry and mushroom gathering expedition. Everybody was so happily absorbed that they lost all count of time. At last it occurred to Alexander to look at his watch. Only five minutes to catch their train home! Such a race over field and path! The train came in before the station was reached, but Uncle Sadra rounded up the party just in time to bundle them all into a third class carriage—a perfectly fresh experience to these young travellers and considered a thrilling adventure.

The Princess Maud of Wales on these Denmark visits always appointed herself Mary's understudy in the nursery and used to help her to put the little ones to bed and get out their clean clothes for the next morning. Her mother also was very fond of the nursery, and made herself so agreeable there that once Mary forgot court etiquette and exclaimed: "No wonder our people at home idolize you," and then felt shocked at her own freedom of speech, but the Princess of Wales laughed: "I'll send you my photograph if you think so much of me as that," she replied, and faithfully kept her word after her return to England.

In view of the tragic blotting out of the Russian Royal family in our own time it is pleasant to think that the unfortunate Dowager Empress and her still more hapless son had at least some days when the sun was shining, and that the staunch faithfulness and devotion of one of our own tongue helped to make them so.

V. B. PATERSON.

A London Letter

THE PASSING OF SHEPHERD'S MARKET

ANOTHER bit of Old London that recently came under the hammer was Shepherd's Market, the last remaining fragment of the May Fair of mirth and revelry, when there was

indeed a "Merry England." The first records date back to the thirteenth century, when Edward I. granted the privileges and profits of a fair to fourteen leprous women, inmates of the Hospital of St. James the Less, which occupied the site of the present St. James' Palace.

This was to be kept on the eve of St. James' Day, and during the following week, in fields near Piccadilly, and was known respectively as May Fair and St. James' Fair. It fell into bad repute, however, and in 1708 Stowe called attention to the yearly riotous and tumultuous assembly and it was temporarily suppressed by order of the Grand Jury at Westminster. It was finally doomed in 1721. Then, in 1733, Shepherd's Market was built for the fair, on land belonging to an architect, Mr. Edward Shepherd, and some of the houses have remained almost untouched to this day.

Pepys speaks of going to St. James' Fair in 1660, and again in 1669. He described a beautiful flower painting of a Dutchman Everest (probably Simon Varelst) living there as "the finest thing that ever, I think, I saw in my life."

Mackyn says in his Diary that "St. James' Fair was so great that a man could not have a pygg for money."

This district gained added notoriety through the Rev. Dr. Keith, who was prepared to marry all and sundry in his church porch, on the easiest terms procurable south of Gretna Green. Although excommunicated and imprisoned his henchmen continued the practices, and St. George's, Hanover Square, has records of upwards of seven thousand marriages performed by Keith and his associates.

The fields of Mayfair are now covered by beautiful houses, and a pleasant hour may be spent in prowling around the neighbourhood, searching for interesting records of bygone days.

THE BULLDOG GRIP

The "Britisher" is certainly at his best when "up against things." The Bank Holidays, instituted by Sir John Lubbock, are his special playtimes, and nothing is going to interfere with them. At Whitsuntide, what with coal strikes, and the threatening of many others, things looked black indeed; in fact the croakers prophesied instant revolution. What kind of a holiday was it going to be, with hardly any trains, very little money anywhere and only the remotest possibility of getting away from London to the sea?

It was the most wonderful Bank Holiday there has ever been. The weather was on the side of the people; Saturday and Monday almost tropical in their heat and brilliant sunshine. The parks were packed with happy, orderly people picnicking on the grass, listening to the bands, admiring the flowers and thoroughly enjoying themselves. No, England isn't

ripe for revolution yet, when the people can be happy in such a sane way, ignoring all the evils around and making the best of everything close at hand, so that their holiday time with their wives and kiddies shall not be spoilt.

EN PASSANT

Individuality is a fine study and, passing up the stairs of a block of flats the other day, some notices on doors caught the eye. Something had evidently gone wrong with the electric wires, and this is how some of the occupants notified the matter:

"Bell broken. Knock."

"Bell out of order. Please knock."

"Bell bust. Thump door!"

One was left wondering as to the individualities behind those doors.

While prowling around the slums and back streets of Marylebone recently a brilliant display of crystal chandeliers was espied in a very second-rate "rag and bone" shop.

On inquiring as to the price of the different pieces, a query as to whether they were really old was added:

"Old, of course not," replied the shop-lady, indignantly. "Why, they are all quite new!"

ANNE NEWBOLD.

Literary Competitions

We offer a prize of five dollars to the reader who can identify the largest number of the following quotations. The name of the author and of the work from which the quotation is cited must be given in each case.

- (1) 'Tis not in mortals to command success;
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it.
- (2) God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.
- (3) I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son.
- (4) There was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently.
- (5) In lapidary inscriptions a man is not upon oath.
- (6) Consideration like an angel came
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him.
- (7) To marry is to domesticate the recording angel.
- (8) Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.
- (9) Who overcomes
By force hath overcome but half his foe.

- (10) How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes ill deeds done.
- (11) The theatre is irresistible; organize the theatre.
- (12) We are born in other's pain
And perish in our own.

The answers must reach the Competitions Editor not later than August 20, 1921.

We offer a prize of five dollars for the best poem, hitherto unpublished and not exceeding 50 lines, on A CANADIAN LAKE.

The answers must reach the Competitions Editor not later than September 20, 1921.

NOTICE TO COMPETITORS.

Entries should be addressed to The Competitions Editor, The Canadian Forum, 152 St. George Street, Toronto.

Each entry must have the name and address, or pseudonym, of the competitor written on the MS. itself.

Competitors must write on one side of the paper only.

The Editor reserves the right of printing any matter sent in for competition whether it is awarded a prize or not.

The Editor reserves the right of withholding the award if no contribution of sufficient merit is received.

Manuscripts will not be returned unless their return is especially requested.

Owing to the difficulty which competitors at a distance experienced in submitting their contributions in time we are repeating last month's competition and in the future all competitions will run for two months.

Our Book-Shelf

Political

Modern Democracies 2 vols., by Viscount Bryce (Macmillan).

It is perhaps doubtful if any other eminent man of our day possesses the magnificent combination of judicial fairness and splendid audacity which characterizes our Lord Bryce. His sympathetic impartiality, far removed from the scientifically cold detachment of so many, has been long and universally recognized, but his audacity, his verve have done almost as much to endear him to Canadians. A burly Canadian once remarked that he would have made a great R.N.W.P. sergeant. The little David who lightly attacked and as lightly mastered *The Holy Roman Empire* is the Englishman who essays the colossal task of telling the modern United States, not the relatively simple United States of de Tocqueville, what they are in *The American Commonwealth*, and does it so wisely that the Americans themselves accept it gratefully as an authoritative description of their great fabric. Perhaps in some respects this latest venture of his shows more daring than any other of his works. In it he makes a comparative study of Democracy in its practical workings, basing

his book chiefly on personal experience obtained by studying these workings in a large number of democracies, of which six, France, Switzerland, Canada, The United States, Australia and New Zealand have been selected for purposes of illustration and comparison. The aim is practical, empirical, evidential, without the committal to a final judgment. Lord Bryce is too much a veteran both of thought and of affairs to be dogmatic.

The material was collected before August, 1914, and just now published, with the horrible black upheaval coming between. Nevertheless it shows few signs of the repairs, and Lord Bryce laid, as always, his foundations too deeply for even the Great War to shake them. But it was a very daring thing to do, and its success is in itself a fine tribute to the author's depth of insight.

The plan is an especially excellent one from the standpoint of the layman. There is a comprehensive introduction which includes a clearing away of vague terminology together with some general "considerations applicable to democratic government in general," a part which furnishes stimulating, though non-controversial treatment.

The Second Part passes almost immediately to a consideration of the actual operations of democracy in the six States enumerated above. Then, with all the evidence laid before the reader, in the form of uncoloured facts of observation, Part III. proceeds to an "examination and criticism of democratic institutions in the light of the facts described in the survey of Part II." These surveys are of great interest, although, to a Canadian, the section devoted to this country may seem a bit cursory. National prejudice may contribute to this impression although it would seem inevitable that in a work which deals with France, the United States and Canada, the last should occupy a relatively less important place, even though the tremendous constitutional significance is here fully recognized. Canadians will hope, too, that the "two or three Provincial Legislatures" which "enjoy a permanently low reputation" will no longer be liable to such severe strictures.

The tendencies which Lord Bryce notes as being at work in determining how a voter shall vote have been moving very swiftly of late. Every Canadian should read the tragically correct answer which Lord Bryce gives to the question: p. 491, vol. I.

The last part, the most profound, the nearest approach which the author makes to taking part in the controversy which the reaction against democracy has evoked, must be left for another time.

P. F.

The Salvaging of Civilization, by H. G. Wells (Macmillans in Canada, \$2.25).

Mr. Wells' latest book is, in effect, an appendix to his *Outline of History*, but it is more than that; it is

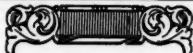


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**THE RYERSON PRESS
TORONTO**

an impassioned appeal. In *The Outline* he sketched a view of mankind slowly and painfully achieving unity despite wars and dissensions, and in *The Salvaging of Civilization* he makes a plea for the next necessary step, the world-wide acknowledgement of a common destiny and the bending of all effort to its accomplishment. The future as he sees it holds nothing but disaster, degeneration and possibly extinction for civilization, if not for the whole race, unless war is put beyond the power of individualist and egotistical nationalisms. There are two means by which alone this can be accomplished: The World State (not a League of Nations) which will hold men's loyalty more firmly than the local claims of "patriotism," and a universal education to teach the race's unity and its single destiny. Without the latter the former cannot succeed, for without education the tradition which looks upon nations as self-sufficing units will not be superseded by the conception of mankind as the unit. One great factor to which Mr. Wells looks to instil this common mode of thinking is the spreading broadcast of a new Bible, "The Bible of Civilization," which will teach the most up-to-date world history, health rules, and private and public morality. This is the most striking and original idea in a book which blows away the smoke and dust of discord obscuring the situation of the world. Mr. Wells' claim on humanity is only increased by this work which cannot help but be of extreme interest to all who have at heart the final pacification and advancement of mankind.

H. K. G.

Fiction

The Death of Society, by Romer Wilson (Collins).

This is Miss Wilson's third novel. Her first, it will be remembered, was *Martin Schüler*, lavishly praised in certain high quarters and undoubtedly a sensational first book, which flitted across the greyness of everyday literature like some audacious bird of gay plumage. It was an attempt to depict a musical genius and it speaks strongly for the author's powers that she did not fail outright. Complete success was out of the question, but Miss Wilson skimmed confidently over the precarious surface of her subject with here and there a hint or a glimpse of what lay beneath the surface. The effect was that of very clever painting on glass, surprisingly vivid and immediate, but without any grasp of the intellectual aspects of her theme.

After publishing a second, soberer, more thoughtful, but less arresting study, Miss Romer Wilson has attempted in *The Death of Society* a problem which outdistances her even more surely than *Martin Schüler*. The scene is now in Norway, at the summer house of Ingman, the critic and philosopher, and his sibylline wife, Rosa, ageless, beautiful, and instinctive.

Rosa, the female embodiment of a social utopia, enjoys a foretaste of her ideals in her relations with Smith, a touring Englishman of turbulent war-stirred feeling. The business is conducted with the conscious dignity of a coronation and the austerity of an old-world sacrificial rite, but it is curiously mingled with flippancies and ill-judged detail. Had it been yet more completely idealized or, better still, cast into verse, there might have been some chance of a partial success. What Miss Wilson attempted was beyond human power. She fails ludicrously; the book is callow and, off-hand, one might be tempted to dismiss Miss Wilson as an upstart. It would be very easy to "prove" conclusively that she was, for her work is full of ridiculous passages, superficial generalizations, impertinences.

But, on the whole, we side with those who have discovered in Miss Wilson a writer of promise. Her virtues are a bird-like gift of style, not wholly learned in England, but probably owing something to Nietzsche; a perfectly sincere indifference to English notions of good taste; a power of recording sensation, which recalls Dorothy Richardson, but is cruder and healthier; a sympathy with passion less fleshly than that of D. H. Lawrence, but sharing something of his warmth and colour; and, finally, the power to complete her tale without pausing for breath, as if writing under a genuine, though uncouth, inspiration.

Miss Wilson has been over-praised, but that is no reason for under-praising her. She has all the established marks of "Storm and Stress," the most indubitable of which is a combination of thoroughly bad taste with real inner seriousness. This proves nothing but it will be our excuse for buying her next novel and for harbouring the thought that if Miss Romer Wilson does not gallop through all the big themes before she is fully grown up she may some day make an enduring contribution to the emotional novel.

(P.S.—It appears that this novel has been awarded the Hawthornden prize for English literature, which goes annually to what—in the opinion of a competent committee—is the best work, either in prose or verse, of the year. They have made a perplexing choice this time.)

B. F.

The Man Who Did The Right Thing, by Sir Harry Johnston (Macmillans in Canada).

In the palmy days of County Cricket, spectators, tired of the faultless batting of Hayward and the stylists, sat up eagerly when Gilbert Jessop's brawny arms began to brandish the bat with mighty, unorthodox sweeps. Something of this refreshing sensation comes over me as Sir Harry Johnston wades into the enterprise of the novel, sublimely ignoring the modern novelist's arts, and getting his story under weigh like one of his own African expeditions.

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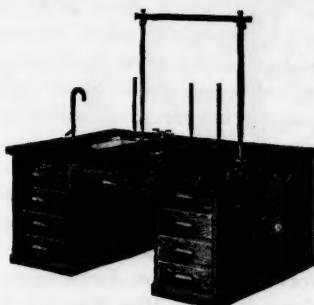
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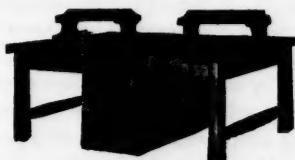
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tions. The chapters string out in leisurely fashion like a long line of native porters, each with his own load, trivial or important, carrying the heroine or the lunch with equal *insouciance*. A professional novelist with a title of Sir Harry's gift of epigram would have made his story glow and glitter. Here is nothing of Conrad's intensely artful long drawn out approach to the storm-centre of his tragedy, keying the reader up to breaking point. Nothing of Swinerton's perfect setting of a single episode. The impression is of pleasant after-dinner narration, leaving a reminiscent flavour of a brilliance that is never obtrusive. I must confess that Sir Harry's mind interests me more than the story, though the interest of the story rarely flags. He is so essentially an Epigone. He stands with one foot in the Victorian age, firmly planted there, and one foot carelessly flung forward into the formlessness of our own perplexing age. *The Man Who Did The Right Thing* has not the same literary flavour which the device of continuing the Dombey history gave to the earlier book, but in the present writer's judgment it is a better book in its own right. It should not be missed by readers who wish to do the right thing.

S. H. H.

Poetry and Belles-Lettres

Highland Light and Other Poems, by H. A. Bellows. (Macmillan).

In this interesting collection of poems previously published in various magazines one may identify the true mind or soul of the modern periodical and of some of its readers. In their original appearance these verses had to maintain their inconspicuous place against the rival attractions of sensational physical science, smart stories of the failure of marriage and flaunting pictures of assorted pickles, seductive carriages and fascinating hosiery. Now, they are detached from this vesture of decay where their still small voice spoke perhaps vainly of things of higher worth denied to the crowd, and we examine the mind and conscience of a charming dreamer and humorist. Let us notice, first of all, that this spiritual messenger does not preach or prophesy; he does not rage nor imagine a vain thing at the bidding of that dull and arrogant master, public opinion. Even the diffusive and somewhat innocuous kindliness, so characteristic of American philosophy, is here expressed with restraint and good taste, being tempered by an occasional zephyr of effortless humour and by a refreshing variety of form and theme, including adaptations of Icelandic poetry, old French ballads, Horace and Catullus, and all without pedantry or obscurity.

But is it the poet's soul or his reader's soul that we have to consider? Our only quarrel with our poet is that he should be so willing to lose his soul and be

satisfied with mere recognition without caring to possess or control. He really expresses the soul of an age too easily satisfied with the general drift of things, with the abstract, the impersonal, with bigness and vastness, with a people satisfied to be doctors, lawyers, farmers, and hopeful that without devoting the least thought to the matter they shall, without trying, manage to become men, or even individuals. It is ungracious to quote the poet's lines in this connection, but one feels that his faith like that of his readers, is too much the acceptance of things which do not matter, or of things which, like Harriet Martineau, we cannot help but accept.

Faith that we climb together o'er the bars
Of hate, an army marshall'd by a soul,
Blind visionaries, struggling toward a goal
Among the singing stars.

C. E. A.

Nova Scotia Chap-Books, Nos. 1, 5, 6 and 14, by Archibald MacMechan (H. H. Marsha Halifax, N.S.).

Three Sea Songs, *The Orchards of Ultima Thule*, *The Log of a Halifax Privateer* and *Twelve Profitable Sonnets* are the first printed of a series of sixteen booklets in preparation. The first contains two as jolly ballads as one could wish and has the advantage of relating actual Nova Scotian incidents. No. 5 is a pleasant description of the Happy Valley, N.S., while No. 6 is the account of the return from Bermuda in 1757 of a Halifax privateer. The *Twelve Profitable Sonnets* are the expression of Dr. MacMechan's personal sentiments and therefore may suffer somewhat by comparison with the traditional matter in his other booklets.

The example might well be followed and chapbooks be published to give semi-permanent form to the distinctive legends, narratives and verses of the various provinces. Many anecdotes are too slight in bulk to achieve magazine or book form and it is of great importance to future literature that they should be preserved.

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	April 1921	May. 1921	June. 1921	July 1921	July 1920
Wholesale Prices (Michell)	186.4	176.8	169.8	292.9
Family Budget. (Labour Gazette)	\$23.31	\$22.84	\$21.74	\$26.92
Volume of Employment (Employment Service of Canada)	85.9	86.5	88.1	89.0	108.4
Average Price of Twelve Canadian Securities (Michell)	107.8	108.6	103.9	103.6	125.2

AFTER an unavoidable lapse of two months, the presentation in full of our trade indices is resumed in this issue. Now that the world of business has learned to be devoutly thankful for small mercies, these may be studied with some satisfaction. For whatever the future holds in store, they strongly suggest that the present is distinctly happier than our state of three months ago.

It is happier in two respects. Retail prices are continuing the steady downward movement which began at the close of last year. *Pace* the workers on the Chippewa Canal, for most of us in Canada the cost of living has been cheapened. Were it not for house-rent, which still shows a tendency to climb, the fall would be more marked. Figures published by that most interesting—and least read—of magazines, the Canadian *Labour Gazette* suggest that while rents as a whole are perhaps as much as one third higher than they were at that time, the necessities of life (excluding house-room) are actually somewhat cheaper than two years ago.

No less welcome than the fall in retail prices, is the growth that has occurred in employment. In our May number the forecast was tentatively made (and with much private trepidation) that an improvement in the labour market was immediately due. That expectation has been realised. In its June issue, the *Labour Gazette* began its review of industrial conditions by noticing "a gradual improvement in the industrial situation as a whole, without distinctive movements in any groups". Returns obtained from the Employment Service show that it has been maintained. Since April our industries have absorbed (on a rough estimate) upwards of fifty thousand workers who were then unemployed. Many have been taken on at a wage considerably less than before; but a lower standard of life—the modern equivalent of half-a-loaf—is at least better than none.

The prospect of a satisfactory harvest supports the belief that agriculture and the railways will temporarily absorb a great many more before the beginning of the cold weather. But our troubles are by no means ended. The number of unemployed workers in this country cannot be stated with precision. Even at present, however, they may be not less than a quarter of a million. Last winter they

were saved by the fortunate coincidence of two things on which we can no longer depend. Unusually mild weather combined with the remnants of after-war prosperity to keep the wolf away from many doors. Though there may be fewer men and women out of work next winter, the distress is likely to be greater than before.

In any case, a decisive factor will be the coming harvest. We noticed in a recent issue that the large wheat crop of last year about offset the loss with which the western farmer was threatened on account of low selling prices. The harvest this year can scarcely fail to steady the business situation. It is true that the Fordney Bill, which we discuss elsewhere in this number, compels the Canadian farmer to find a market overseas for some of the wheat which he would otherwise have sold in the United States. But there is little likelihood, unless international relations take a sudden and unexpected turn for the worse, that his overseas market will fail him. As long ago as April 30th, the United States *Market Reporter* announced, "It is now apparent that the carryover in the United States on July 1 will be hardly half the average pre-war carryover on that date". It will be remembered that a year ago the carryover was unusually heavy, and was thought to be a considerable factor in depressing prices. In the present season this condition is reversed; and coupled with the terrific famine now raging over parts of Russia, it cannot fail to benefit our farmers. They will profit involuntarily from the continued absence of Russian competition. Indeed, if the proposed relief is speedy, some of our grain may be needed to feed the Russian peasant.

In summoning a Pacific Conference, Mr. Harding has strengthened the forces making for stability. No great western nation bears a load of war expenses less, in proportion to its strength, than does the American. Yet even the United States has planned to spend in 1922, on past and future wars alone, the sum of \$2,264,000,000. On an average, each American household is paying \$100 yearly to the shrine of Moloch. We pay more than that. If by the President's initiative our common burden is made lighter, he will have served not America but all mankind.

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